

Adverse Wind

Guided By Voices

Stay close at hand (Stay close at hand, you know)
the bar begins where rooted boundaries end
Stay pure and heart of gold
The ocean breaks against the adverse wind I hear you crying you're only
a lifetime away
I feel you dying relying (you're lying) on what (all of) the people
say She lives in solitude
behind the room she spins (behind the rudeness of the work she's been
these folks look envious)
pushing and holding in adverse winds

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